

The Consequences of Love

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Summary: I wasn't always the man who I am today, there was a time, long before what the universe is now, before our two races lived in equal harmony, before the gruesome defeat of the Covenant, your people feared me, I was the demon, a creature with one purpose, to kill my enemies. But then we met, and I was no longer the creature of death, you where my salvation.

The Consequences of Love

I have had this idea for several weeks now, and finally got around to posting the first chapter. This is going to be a TEST chapter, to see how you like it, and whether or not you think I should continue it, I promises that future chapters will be longer than this one.

I wasn't always the man who I am today, there was a time, long before what the universe is now, before our two races lived in equal harmony, before the gruesome defeat of the Covenant, I was not who I am now.

I used to be a soldier, born, bred, created, for one sole purpose. The protection of my race. Back when our species were at war, you, under the rule of the covenant, us, fighting for our home, our way of life, our very existence.

Back when we first met, you believed me to be a demon, spawned from my people to seek vengeance on you for all the death the covenant was spreading. Even now, looking back on what I have done, and everything I have done, I say, you were right.

Once I was a demon, a creature birthed for the purpose of killing. Once I was like all the rest, doing what my superiors told me to do without hesitation. I killed, slaughtered, burned, and massacred. A majority belonged to the covenant. But now I know that I am not a demon, I am a man, and you where my salvation.

You asked me once, how I became what I was, how could a race as primitive as the humans come up with a weapon so powerful, so world changing, you thought us to be undead specters, invincible beings of unknown potential. At the time I did not trust you enough, nor did I feel that piece of information was relevant to our predicament, but this is not about me, well, not me alone, I am writing this now as a life story, how we grew together, became more than either of us ever thought.

So I will tell you. Desperation. The Spartans, Humanities saviors', the Demons your race feared so deeply. We were soldiers born to kill, to feel the rush of adrenalin through our veins on the open battle field. Even now, after so much time has passed, I still feel the urge to protect, to defend those who cannot.

What exactly was done to me I still do not know. What procedures were taken to increase my muscle mass and density, how it is that my bones are almost unbreakable, nor my inhuman reflexes, and what I do know, I have explained.

Knowing this, I still question what it was that went through my mind during that fateful encounter. My training told me to kill you, told me to use everything I know to use against you. For you where nothing but an animal, a person without honor, without integrity, a creature that feels no remorse.

And yet, you allowed me a chance at an honorable death. To die at the blade of a skilled adversary. However, when I stood before you, gauging your weaknesses, potential blind spots, and anything else I would need to defeat you. Something changed in me, at first it was subtle, like a hair-line crack in a dam.

At the time I disregarded the feeling as my eagerness to bring your head back to my superiors, as proof for my actions. But as we fought that idea was quickly disregarded, not because I was afraid of losing, or of death, but because I knew, that no matter how much I wanted to, no matter how hard I tried, I could not kill you.

As a soldier I was raised with a sense of honor, and they tried to beat any sense of morality out of me. Looking back, I know now, that is what the crack was, a break in my training, and through that crack, every moral they tried beating out of me, returned in full.

I would not kill you because how could I? When we fought, I did not see a combatant, I did not see an adversary out for blood, not even my sworn enemy. I saw my equal. You asked me several times throughout the years why I let you live, and every time I give you a round-about answer, a cryptic response. Well now you know, I did not kill you, because I saw my equal, and after everything I have done to get to where I was, I could only begin to imagine how you got to where you were.

I knew little of your people back then, some phrases, and little of your tradition. But one thing I did know, was that only men where allowed in your military. So for a woman to have reached the level you were at. As I said, there was no way I could understand how you managed to get to where you were.

Now here we are, many cycles have passed since the end of the war, a peace we both fought to strive for. Nearly sacrificing both our lives

in the process, and achieving greater glory than anyone ever has before. You where my salvation, my friend, my companion, mate, now mother. This story I dedicate to you.

**Well, there you go, I hoped you enjoyed reading this first part, and am eager to see what everyone thinks about this. Let me one thing clear first, this is going to be a cross-species fanfic. I have read several, and was disappointed with nearly everyone, but I believe the combination has potential to become an excellent story, if done right. Because this is a test, all reviews are welcome, but flames will not be tolerable. If you don't like the pairing, or despise to such an extent, then don't read the story, as simple as that.
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End
file.